

FARM AND ORCHARD.

HOW POULTRY RAISING CAN BE MADE TO PAY GOOD RETURNS.

Demand for Fruit Trees—Delayed Work—Kitchen Cabinet—Thinning Apples.

A. F. Hunter furnishes the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* an excellent article on poultry raising. Though much of it is written for a cold climate and does not apply to this neighborhood, it contains many valuable suggestions to those in the business in this State. Mr. Hunter's article is as follows:

The farmer who gets eggs in the cold months of winter achieves an undoubted success with his poultry. The fowls are confined to the house by the snow and are benumbed by the cold. They must be encouraged to take exercise and digest food, may be stimulated and good health promoted. They can not get grass or other green food when at liberty, and a substitute must be provided. They can not get insects and worms, and animal food must be provided to fill the place. They can not bathe themselves in the warm soil in the lee of the hen-house, and a dust bath must be substituted.

FIRST, EXERCISE.

One good method of stimulating exercise is by making the fowls work for their grain supply by purloining two or three inches deep in the ground of the floor of the pens, and letting them scratch it out. This is easily done with a spade or hoe, dividing the ration into three or four parts, turning up a little of the ground in as many places, throwing in the grain and putting the earth back again. This is the natural way for a fowl to get its food, and its nature is usually the best.

Some farmers put dry leaves, finely-chopped straw or hay, or grain chaff, upon the floor of the hen-house. This sets the fowls to scratching, and a merry time they have of it. This dry litter will collect a good deal of the voidings dropped during the day and should be raked off about once a week, and added to the compost heap in the barn cellar, a fresh supply being given to the hen-pens. Stir the surface of the ground with the garden rake or hoe every time the change is made, loosening it up well and bringing fresh sand or gravel to the surface.

If litter like that described above can not be readily obtained, scratching can be promoted by simply stirring the surface of the ground with a garden rake or hoe and burying the grain. It is very easy if one has the opportunity to try it.

Four or five years ago I was out driving one bright winter day, and turned into the yard of a farmer, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, who kept forty or fifty good fowls.

"How are your hens laying?" I asked.

"Hardly any," he replied; "I get only one or two eggs in a week."

"What's the trouble?"

"I don't know. Come and have a look at them."

We went down into the basement of a large carriage and tool-house, and there were the hens, moping around on the roosts, utterly indifferent to the idea of eggs or anything else. The quarters were excellent, warm and sunny, up to the south, and cut off from the cold northwest winds. He told me he gave them plenty to eat, and even brought out his coal ashes and dumped them down on the ground for them to scratch over. The earth floor was buried two or three inches deep with coarse clinkers. Asking him to fetch me a garden rake, I carefully raked off a space of six or eight feet square in the center of the room, and then we withdrew to the door to watch. Within three minutes every bird was down off the roosts, scratching away and as busy as bees, as fowls never. Telling him to go in with shovel and wheelbarrow and clean out all those clinkers, and after that bury their grain food just below the surface of the ground, I bade him good day, and drove on. About three weeks afterward that farmer drove over to my house to thank me for the lesson, and said he was getting over a dozen eggs a day "and more coming!"

SECOND, GREEN FOOD.

Vegetables boiled, mashed, fine and mixed into the mash, which is the morning feed with me, are a great help as egg-producers. The refined (marketed) potatoes are excellent for this purpose, as are any vegetables, turnips, carrots, beets, apples, onions, anything will be eaten and relished. Probably the small potatoes are the best and most convenient for a steady diet, and almost every farmer has a quantity of them, which should be his chief reliance.

Some uncooked green food should be given, and for this cabbages, turnips, carrots and beets are the best. Hang a head of cabbage about a foot and a half from the ground in each pen. The hens will peck it to pieces in an hour or two, getting a supply of green food and considerable exercise at one and the same time. Some farmers give cabbages and turnips on alternate days with excellent results. The turnips, beets and carrots should be cut in halves and the hens will eat them all out to the rind.

Clover rowen, if chopped fine in a hay-cutter and then steamed in a close vessel, makes a very superior green food. Clover is rich in two elements, nitrogen and lime, which are both in demand by a fowl's system. The turnips in the cabbages are required for the white (albumen) and the shell of the eggs, and if plenty of it is provided no better food can be given. Substitute clover for grain for one of the feeds, and the result will be a larger number of eggs at a lower cost, and the fowls will keep in better condition.

THIRD, ANIMAL FOOD.

Ground beef scraps and "descicated" fish, mixed with the meal and shorts of which, with the cooked vegetables, the morning mash is made, are my chief reliance. The trimmings from a butcher's shop are usually bought off for a few cents a pound, and make excellent meat food. It is my practice to boil these, because they are then so much easier chopped and fed; the meat-liquor in which the trimmings are cooked (or any cooked meat or tongue boiled), goes into the morning mash, so all the goodness goes to the hens. Some poultrymen buy sheep's plucks and hang them up in the pens for the fowls to pick at, while others deprecate the practice, and say it is filthy and noxious. I cannot but think my practice of cooking and chopping the meat is preferable.

FOURTH, CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness of nests and roosts is absolutely essential for the good health of the fowls and to promote laying. Cleanliness promotes laying by promoting good health. A sick fowl cannot lay eggs any more than a sick man can work. Keep Biddy in good health and well fed, but not overfed, and she will lay eggs as naturally as water runs down hill; she will lay eggs because it is her nature to."

The hen-houses should be thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed before the flocks are moved into them in the fall. The roosts should be scraped and washed with kerosene oil at least twice a month, putting the oil on liberally, so that it shall penetrate all cracks and crevices in which the red mites, louse mites doth hibernate. The droppings upon the platforms under the nests should be cleaned off at least three times a week (every day would be better), and if land-plaster, dry loam or fine-sifted coal ashes (not wood ashes) is sitten over the platform after each cleaning, three times a week will do very well, as the plaster or earth serves to retain the ammonia and gases which would otherwise

float off into the air, helping to foul and poison it.

The nest boxes should have fresh nest material, fine hay or straw once a month, the old material being burned or added to the compost heap. If an egg gets broken in the nest, remove the fouled material at once and clean it fresh.

The feed trough should be cleaned out daily. At night, after the fowls have gone to roost, it is a good time; then it is ready for the morning feed. The water dish should be well rinsed out every day and thoroughly washed out twice a month, fresh water being kept constantly accessible. In cold weather, it is better to make the water luke-warm about twice a day, morning and noon. The hens will like it better, and then their bodily heat does not go to warm the water they drink. If luke-warm water is always accessible, the fowls will drink just what they want and when they want it, which is a great help toward good health and egg-laying.

FIFTH, THE DUST BATH.

This is one of the most essential things in the fowl-house, and yet it is the one most commonly neglected. Dusting the earth through her feathers is the hen's method of bathing, and it cleanses her feathers and skin just as soap and water cleanse that of a human being, or the curvy comb and brush does that of the horse. Many advocate gathering dry road dust for the purpose, but if a hen's dust hole out of door be examined, the earth will be found to be as damp as the surrounding soil, and there seems to be no good reason why the earth should be bone dry. I take common sandy loam, put a couple of cartloads into a corner of the barn cellar in the summer, and draw upon the floor of the nest box.

A good size for a dust box is 24 feet square (or 24" wide by 3 long) and about 8 inches deep. It is well to nail a couple of strips of 2x3 scatting across the bottom of the box to raise it a bit from the ground. Fill this box about two-thirds full of dry loam and stir a small handful of sulphur or Persian Insect Powder in it, then wash a fowl's enjoyment of the box will be sold out entirely long before the season is over. The demand is for young trees and buyers are more particular than usual about clean stock. Owning to the excessive rains, nurserymen have been unable to deliver stock in December this year as they did last. Although large orders are upon their books, and the outlook for the spring trade fully equal, the demand is small. You can get rid of the knotty ones (2) thus: destroy, before they can increase, the insects in such as are stung by the curculio and infested by the codlin worm. (3) The best ones being left, they have plenty of room to grow into large, fine, salable specimens. (4) You are not obliged to gather twice as many small ones, the labor of picking depending on number and not on size. (5) The bad ones are removed in time at less than half the labor required for hand-picking when they become large. (6) You avoid much labor in assorting the gathered crop, and in separating the scabby and knurly from the best fruit. (7) The moderate crop which is allowed to grow will exhaust the less than the heavy crop of poor and seedy specimens. He thinks that to allow all the poor and worthless apples to grow, is like the practice of the farmer who would permit all coarse weeds to grow in his corn, to be assorbed from his grain after harvesting.

DOES IT PAY?

"What a lot of fussing with old hens!" I hear some farmers say, and it is work, but it is work easy to do when properly systematized, and it certainly pays.

On my farm last winter was kept 112 pullets, hatched the previous May, and 13 one-year-old hens, and these fowls, cared for as above, with most of the work done by two boys, aged 13 and 15, who were attending school regularly besides, paid me over a dollar a day profit in twenty-two weeks, November 1, 1888, to April 1, 1889. The figures are:

Total receipts for eggs (24 weeks) \$220.87

Cost of food and supplies 63.67

Profit 157.20

Which is over \$157 profit in 154 days.

Can any farmer earn a dollar a day in the dull time of winter any easier?

Everybody's hens will lay in April and May. Only well-cared-for hens will lay in December, January and February, and it is winter eggs at winter prices that pay the profits. A very suggestive illustration of this can be made by comparing the egg accounts of December, 1888, and April, 1889, from the same 125 fowls:

Total number eggs 2,282

Cash value \$26.97

Cost of food (about) 12.00

Profit \$14.97

\$39.99

Could there be a more instructive lesson upon the value of getting the pullets to laying in October and November, and then keeping them laying? It costs no more to feed a fowl in December than in April or May. In fact, she has to be fed whether she lays eggs or not, and if she lays eggs, even though lower in number, still the price is so much higher the profit is nearly three times greater, and this profit can be pocketed by any farmer who will take the pains to care for his fowls for this result.

DELAYED WORK.

Work in the orchards and vineyards is greatly behind. The continuous rains and soft condition of the ground has prevented work of any kind. Pruning is not near completed in some of the large orchards, and it may be just as well that it is not, for the stoppage of the unusual flow of sap that would be started by a few warm days would make the buds burst into bloom and danger of frost is not yet past.

In some parts of the State weeds are getting a more start than if the plow and cultivators could soon begin in, the first working will prove quite difficult. It is a mis-

take to work the ground too wet. Even if you have to have it later for your work, it is better than putting you and the horses in addition to it when it comes take two years to put land in good condition after being worked too wet. Great care should be taken to keep the soil well worked down after plowing, as the ground is packed from the heavy rains and is liable to clog should it come off dry.

Some of the vineyards that were pruned early are still bleeding, which shows that the vines are not exactly in the proper condition of the ground has prevented work of any kind. Pruning is not near completed in some of the large orchards, and it may be just as well that it is not, for the stoppage of the unusual flow of sap that would be started by a few warm days would make the buds burst into bloom and danger of frost is not yet past.

The dark figs seem the richest in flavor with us, and appear to suffer less than the white ones from this want of fertilizing.—*Los Angeles Times.*

A TRAPPER'S TRICK.

Just Sweating the Chills Off With Laughing.

There were thirty of us in camp on a spur of the Black Hills mining for gold, says a writer in the New York *Evening Post*. After a afternoon we locked down upon the level plain and saw four mounted redskins chasing a man on a mule. He was making for us, but they were rapidly overhauling him, and it was plain enough that we could render no assistance. The foremost Indian fired a shot, and man and mule fell in a heap. The Indians pressed forward, yelling and exulting, but the faint report of a revolver released our ears, and we saw redskins and ponies tumbling over at every report. Some of our men slid down the steep mountain side to take a hand in, but it was not needed. When they reached the man who was old trapper, went over to the wounded warrior, and said to him in the Sioux dialect, and chuckling between his teeth:

"Say did any of you fellers ever see a white man?"

"Many of them," gasped the warrior.

" Didn't you ever hear of that old trick before?"

" Isn't the white man wounded?"

" Not by a dozen Nancy Janes. That bullet didn't come with a rod of me. I gave my old mule the signal to squat, and down we tumbled to draw on you. The other two dead, and you are about to go. Say, I don't want to hurt a dry Indian's feelings, but ha, ha, ha—but it was 'nuff to kill a fellow so slow as you are." Then he struck a streak of hope—a song from souls forgotten.

" That burst from prison-bans of sin, 'n' stormed the gates of heaven.

Then he sang together—no soul was left alone—

" We left the universe was safe, an' God was on His throne!"

" An' then a wail of deep despair and darkness,

" An' long black drap hung on the door ur all the homes ur men;

" No, no, no, light no joy, no hope, no songs of song;

" An' then the tramp he stumbled down an' staggered out of sight.

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a word.

An' then a saddest story that our ears had ever heard:

" He tol' his own history, and no eye wuz dry that day.

When the old trapper simply said: "My brethren, let us pray."

—S. W. Foss.

HOW MUSIC IS PRINTED.

A Proclamation Concerning Which the Public is Not Well Posted.

The public will be much surprised to learn how sheet music is printed as was the writer this article will be read with interest, says the Boston *Globe*. A walk through the printing-rooms of the largest music publishing houses in Boston, under the tutelage of its courteous foreman, is full of interesting instruction.

It was into one of the many "lofts" in which the establishment abounds that the reporter was taken. One door was filled with veritable lace work of long poles, placed horizontally, which were loaded out of sight with sheet music hung upon them to dry. The whole place has the air of a working day at home, and the reporter involuntarily looked around if perchance he might get a glance of cold dinner lying about.

" As fast as the sheets are printed, we take them here over night," said the foreman, and then place them between pasteboards and press them flat, when they are dry, for market. Come up into the press-rooms.

The press-rooms are very unlike their newspaper prototypes. Not a sound loud enough to interfere with conversation is heard in them, for sheet music is printed by hand.

Two kinds of presses are used; the old style "plank" press and the improved or "D" press. The latter consists of a sliding table several feet square, on which are two raised blocks just the size of a sheet of music, on which are placed the plates from which the printing is done.

The plates having been inked and the paper laid on them, the printer gives a turn to an immense wheel, five and one-half feet in diameter, the sliding table slides under a large roller, which with a belt, and the paper is forced against the plate, thus giving the impression, and another revolution of the wheel brings the apparatus back to its original position. The "plank" press is like the other, except that in using it the plates are inked on a bench and laid on the blocks every time an impression is taken, while with the "D" press the plates are not removed from the blocks until the edition is run off.

" Now here is man printing title pages," said the foreman. " We print only one sheet at a time, and a man can take from 1,500 to 1,800 impressions a day. This plate, which looks like silver, is composed of zinc, lead and britannia, and is made almost exclusively in New York. Every publishing house manufactures its own ink. It can't be bought. It is a very particular stuff and must be made just so, and it is a very delicate process to make and take care of it. The title page has been engraved by hand. When engraved the plate is put on a hot block, and beeswax is melted into the design. That too, is a ticklish matter. If we wipe it off too soon we spoil it, and if we let it get too hot it crumbles and won't hold the ink. Once beeswax, a plate can be used for printing for years.

" Engraving the music plates is a different process, however, from that used in making the title page. The engraver has to have a separate tool for every kind of music, half, whole, quarter, rests, etc. His outfit costs \$400. He does not care into

the plate as wood engravers do, but stamps out each note separately with a hammer. You can imagine what nice work it is to adjust the tools just right, and how hard it is to engrave a sheet of music!"

The reporter watched the process of printing, and saw something like this: After the plate had been fastened to its block on the press the printer inks it with a hot roller, as other printers ink their type in taking proofs. He then wipes the plate carefully with a cloth; the ink sticks to the beeswax, which covers the design or the notes, and the rest of the plate is comparatively clean. A second wiping with another rag leaves all but the design itself shining.

In 1846, the Forty-sixth was then stationed at Kingston, Ont., the lodge regalia and other regiments property. After considerable correspondence extending over a period of two years, the chest was returned to the Forty-sixth by Napoleon. Since the French war the regiment has been stationed in India, New South Wales, Gibraltar, Canada, Corfu and the Crimea, and while in Australia the lodge regalia and Bible were used in instituting the first Masonic lodge in that colony. It is worthy of remark that Masonry owed its establishment in the United States largely to the Masonic lodges attached to the British regiments which formed the garrisons of the old colonial settlements.

In 1846, the Forty-sixth being then stationed at Kingston, Ont., the lodge, owing to changes in the regiment, was removed to the Forty-sixth by the French. The Lodge was the oldest in Canada, having been established in 1846, and was a regimental one. It encompassed the Forty-sixth willingly handed over the property to Brother W. Shepard, a Sergeant-Major of the Royal Artillery, who was anxious to start a permanent military lodge in Montreal. The Grand Lodge of Ireland willingly granted a renewal of the warrant, and the "Lodge of State and Military Virtues, No. 22, Irish Register," was permanently established in Montreal. It appears from the by-laws, dated 1848, that the lodge had been erected to enable naval and military officers temporarily stationed in Montreal to enjoy the rights and privileges of Freemasonry without being subjected to the fees usually required from permanent residents. On the formation of the Grand Lodge of Canada the lodge threw in her lot with the newly-formed Grand Lodge, and at a second annual communication of this Grand Lodge, in 1851, a resolution was passed permitting the lodge to change its name to "Military and Naval Lodge of State and Military Virtues." The Lodge of State and Military Virtues, No. 22, Irish Register,

DAILY RECORD-UNION

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1890.

ISSUED BY THE

SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, Third Street, between J and K.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION,

Published every Saturday, with Double

Sheet on Saturdays, and

THE SUNDAY UNION,

Published every Sunday morning, making a

splendid SEVEN-DAY paper.

For one year.....\$6.00

For six months.....\$3.00

For three months.....\$1.50

Subscribers served by Carriers at FIFTEEN

CENTS per week. In all interior cities and towns

the paper is the only principal Periodical

Newspaper. Newsmen and Agents

THE SUNDAY UNION is served by Carriers at

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per month.

THE WEEKLY UNION

size cheapest and most desirable Home, News,

and Life Journals published on the Pacific Coast.

The Sunday Union is sent to every sub-

scriber to the WEEKLY UNION.

Farms for both one year.....\$2.00

The WEEKLY UNION alone per year.....\$1.50

The SUNDAY UNION alone per year.....\$1.00

All these publications are sent either by Mail

or Express, postage prepaid. All Postmasters are agents.

The Best Advertising Medium on the Pacific

Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as

second-class matter.

The RECORD-UNION, SUNDAY UNION and

WEEKLY UNION are the only papers on the

Coast outside of San Francisco, that receive

the full Associated Press dispatches from all

parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco,

they have no competitors either in influence or

home and general circulation throughout the

State.

San Francisco Agencies.

This paper is for sale at the following places:

L. F. Fisher's, room 21, Merchants' Exchange,

Galaxy, room 10, is also a principal news

agent for San Francisco. The principal news

stands and Hotels, and at the Market-street

Ferry.

Also, for sale on all Trains leaving and

coming into Sacramento.

AN ADVANCEMENT IN CIVILIZED IDEAS.

The speech of Robert G. Ingersoll before the ninth annual Convention of the State Bar Association of New York, on the subject of "Crimes and Criminals," indicates the fast approach of some advancement in civilized ideas concerning the treatment of criminals.

Ingersoll is one of the most incisive thinkers, and clear and lucid speakers in the United States. It is doubtful whether he has ever had a superior, as it is doubtful whether he now has a peer.

Prior to the reformations inaugurated by Howard, the great philanthropist, the prisons of England were dens of infamy and filth. Society treated its criminals with the utmost cruelty, a cruelty which reproduced itself in crime; and just in proportion as society has become merciful toward its criminal classes, in like proportion has the percentage of crime decreased.

The exposition made by Kennan of Russian cruelty—to Siberian exiles discloses to us at once the necessity which has driven the Russian Government to exile its subjects. In other words, the cruelty of the Government made it hate, and engendered a class whose hatred of the Government took the form of violence. There can be no doubt but that a merciful treatment of those whom the Government of Russia finds it necessary to exile in the interest of social order would reduce the necessity of exiling its citizens, because it would reduce the hatred of the Government, and necessarily reduce the concomitant violence.

The thoughts and expressions of Colonel Ingersoll are by no means new. They have been announced by every penologist worthy of the title. Humane men, men of philanthropic impulse, have long since perceived the relation between the cruelty on the part of the Government and the increase of crime. There will be those to say that Colonel Ingersoll is wasting sentiment on the criminal classes. In fact this has already been said by the blockhead class, who actually are stupid enough to believe that here in California we have a penological system worthy the name. Colonel Ingersoll announces a fundamental principle of justice in declaring that the commission of crime does not forfeit the labor of the criminal to the State. A man may be restrained of his liberty in the interests of society, but he ought to be allowed to produce, and he ought to enjoy the benefit of what he produces. His productive energy should be directed and controlled by the State for the benefit of himself and family.

"A" steals "B's" horse, whereupon society proceeds to confiscate "A's" labor for ten years. "B" may never have recovered the horse, but he has no recourse from the State for its loss. Ten years of "A's" productive capacity in the way of cutting stone, beautifying prison grounds, making jute bags for the benefit of the farmers, or some other industrial employment, under the direction of the State, is confiscated to society, but society never finds it necessary to compensate "B" for the loss of his horse. If "A," the horse thief, had children, they are deprived of his support. His wife is worse than widowed, his children worse than orphans, and the State of California actually confiscates his labor for ten years. There is nothing in the plan calculated to reform the thieving propensities. There is not a thing in the idea calculated to reform the thieving propensities of other men. In short, there is neither coherency, nor reason, nor common sense in the whole proceeding. "A" having proven himself to be a thief, society undertakes his punishment by confiscating his labor, but the punishment is more severe on his wife and children, or others who may be dependent upon him, than "A" himself. His condition is quite comfortable as compared with theirs. Protected largely by public opinion against the brutal ferocity of jailers and prison-keepers, he passes a measurably comfortable life, comfortable in everything except in the restraint of his liberty, but the family deprived of his support live in wretchedness and poverty, and society is so unmindful of its own interests that it takes all the risk of raising a brood of "A's" children, to become criminals in their turn. The sentence of "A" is the condemnation of his children to the stigma of being the offspring of a felon, and at the same time a consignment of them to a struggle with poverty handicapped by disgrace. The productive capacity of their father certainly belongs to them, and society would

consult its own interest vastly if they could have the benefit of it.

The doctrines so lately enunciated by Colonel Ingersoll are essentially Christian in their every aspect, and the issue presented by them is between brutal revenge and compassionate punishment.

THE BONDED DEBT.

The two decisions of the Supreme Court recently rendered, effectually settle the doubts entertained as to the liability of this city to pay interest upon its bonds. That is to say, the Court holds that the contract between the city and her creditors provides only for the payment of interest upon the bonds as expressed in attached coupons. Now, says the Court, when these coupons are over due they do not bear interest, because no provision was made in the contract for the payment of any interest except that called for by the coupons, and there is no fund created for the payment of other sums than those expressed upon the face of the bonds and the coupons. The Court properly proceeds upon the doctrine that the city and the creditor in making a contract of debt, expressed all that it was intended by either should be paid.

The dicta of these two opinions clearly indicate that if the question was before the Court it would decide also that no interest is payable upon overduing bonds. It is a great pity, indeed, that this matter of interpretation of the contract could not have been earlier brought about, instead of wrestling with the many cases we have had with the bondholders on questions of remedies and forms of actions. But it is at last decided that the city is not to be held liable for compound interest. This saves immediately over four hundred thousand dollars to Sacramento as "effectually" as if that sum had been put into her treasury. But it does more than that. It saves the city from a possible liability—that was by many greatly feared—of paying fully a million dollars more, while by reducing the value of early due and due bonds, the decisions save a half million dollars more to the city, so that in round numbers the municipality is gainer in the sum of two millions of dollars.

The friends of the Saxon ballot reform bill in the New York Legislature, have agreed to liberal modifications in the bill, to meet, as far as is possible and preserve the integrity of the bill, the objections of Governor Hill. It will do good. The Governor will find as many evils and dangers in the new as in the old bill, and the reformers will have their troubles for their pains. If Governor Hill really wanted to conserve the secrecy of the ballot he would not have objected to the printing of the ballots by the State. Without that feature the measure will be a farce, and we do not believe that the friends of the Saxon bill will consent to such elimination.

It is true that the German press of all political shades is dissatisfied with the Saxon treaty, and denounce it as a German retreat, then for once the United States has got the best of Bismarck in diplomacy. It is difficult to understand, however, at what the German press is angry, unless it is the restoration of Maltzow. Without that provision, however, no settlement of the difficulty would have been possible, and Prince Bismarck was more than willing to do it. The German could not afford to go to war upon that proposition, and that the Prince will convince the press of that fact is certain.

THE SAN FRANCISCO Alta says: "Was that special for Nellie Bly a fair shake? Was not she to get around the world by the ordinary schedule of trains and boats? By having specials on land and water, the trip can be made in less than sixty hours." Of course the "special train" was not fair. Nor were the tug to the steamer, and the omission of the usual Custom-house search of baggage. To be "fair and square," the traveler should take usual courses, and not use special trains, boats and other means of conveyance.

No one makes any concealment of the conviction that with a sudden melting of the phenomenal snow deposits in the Sierras the valley streams whose tributaries head in these ranges will be much swollen, and that low lands will suffer. But if cold weather follows the storm, as is more than likely, the melting will be delayed. The hope will then be that the resolving of the snow into water may be gradual, in which case the streams can carry their burdens to the sea without material damage to valley bottom lands.

THE SNOW BLOCKADE is not confined to California roads by any means. The Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific are both blocked, and several western roads beyond the Missouri river are also reported tied up. On none of them are such exertions made and money so freely spent to clear the roads as on this side by the Southern Pacific Company.

WE agree with the Chicago Herald that it is a good sign that the people are now calmly discussing, and with intelligence, economic and governmental questions that are usually not taken from the shelf and dusted off until Presidential campaigns dawn.

OF GRUMBLERS.

Human nature would be as we would have it, and not as it is, if in the snow blockades some people had not been found to growl at the situation and charge the carrier companies with inattention to and negligence of their comfort. These people appear to have been small in number, however, the great mass of the delayed passengers uniting in saying that they were shown all possible consideration and fed as well as it was possible to do under the circumstances. But the man who wanted turkey, trussed, roasted and served daily in a snow-blockaded train upon the supremest heights of the mountains; the man who wanted a valet furnished to stand at his back and do his bidding; the people who are never satisfied unless they are clad in ermine and swathed in down while the delicacies in and out of season are laid in their laps, were all represented upon the snow-bound trains. In strong contrast to these fastidious people and these unreasonable growlers, however, were some hundreds of sensible travelers

who paused to reflect upon the difficulties involved in furnishing, under such conditions, even substantial beef and bread and the accompanying potato.

These looked upon the matter sensibly, and thanked their stars that fortune had thrown them into the keeping of humane men, who sat them at well-supplied tables, where meats, bread, vegetables, fruits and pastry were spread three times a day. But the growler, who thinks that grumbling eases pain and heals wounds, and that the world was created for his especial benefit, has his uses. He enables the contrast to be strongly drawn between unreason and hard sense; he illuminates the better side of human nature by contrast. As the night gives us greater capacity to enjoy the pleasures and blessings of day, so the chronic traveling grumbler projects into strong relief the better side of human nature that is content with comfort, and demands nothing from others that it is unwilling itself to yield.

The people of Southern and Western Iowa, who last year attracted quite widespread attention toward themselves by means of a blue-grass palace and extensive advertising, are preparing to do still greater things this year in the way of booming their blue-grass region. They give it out as their intention to outfit the famous blue-grass region of Kentucky. But when honest comparison is made, California will be found to be a "blue-grass" region infinitely superior to either of the States named. If it is in the production of stock, we already rival Kentucky; if for speed, California horses are to the front among the leaders; if for training, there is no spot on the continent where stock can be better wintered or trained to finer advantage; if for the growth of cereals, our products stand for a better price than those of any other grain-growing State; if for fruit, we produce more luxuriantly than any other State in most lines; if for climate, and the vine and all its products—well, it is useless to say a word more; call in the people of the whole earth as witnesses.

The friends of the Saxon ballot reform bill in the New York Legislature, have agreed to liberal modifications in the bill, to meet, as far as is possible and preserve the integrity of the bill, the objections of Governor Hill. It will do good. The Governor will find as many evils and dangers in the new as in the old bill, and the reformers will have their troubles for their pains. If Governor Hill really wanted to conserve the secrecy of the ballot he would not have objected to the printing of the ballots by the State. Without that feature the measure will be a farce, and we do not believe that the friends of the Saxon bill will consent to such elimination.

At the typewriting-school they used to tell me that my ignorance of punctuation would keep me back, but I am not bothered much about such matters; if I sprain a few commas here and there, as I do, it would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him why the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, if my b—employer said nothing but "High-diddle-diddle" I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers he wants, not my brains—supposing I had any. One day this person I am talking to had written to a customer that we had no good of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelt no k—w—like the other. She delinated at catching me in a mistake and didn't let him have the last of it until I said: "Well, madam, I know how to get a place as typewriter, and I am sure she has a certificate from somewhere to show that she is competent. I don't tell her so, but she is too old for one thing: hardly anybody would employ a typewriter over thirty. Why should that be the dead line? Well, I suppose it is because women are set in their ways after they are out of their twenties, and think they know it all. The girl—I mean the old maid—I am speaking of had a place some time back and she told it herself that sometimes, when her employer would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him why the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, if my b—employer said nothing but "High-diddle-diddle" I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers he wants, not my brains—supposing I had any. One day this person I am talking to had written to a customer that we had no good of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelt no k—w—like the other. She delinated at catching me in a mistake and didn't let him have the last of it until I said: "Well, madam, I know how to get a place as typewriter, and I am sure she has a certificate from somewhere to show that she is competent. I don't tell her so, but she is too old for one thing: hardly anybody would employ a typewriter over thirty. Why should that be the dead line? Well, I suppose it is because women are set in their ways after they are out of their twenties, and think they know it all. The girl—I mean the old maid—I am speaking of had a place some time back and she told it herself that sometimes, when her employer would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him why the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, if my b—employer said nothing but "High-diddle-diddle" I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers he wants, not my brains—supposing I had any. One day this person I am talking to had written to a customer that we had no good of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelt no k—w—like the other. She delinated at catching me in a mistake and didn't let him have the last of it until I said: "Well, madam, I know how to get a place as typewriter, and I am sure she has a certificate from somewhere to show that she is competent. I don't tell her so, but she is too old for one thing: hardly anybody would employ a typewriter over thirty. Why should that be the dead line? Well, I suppose it is because women are set in their ways after they are out of their twenties, and think they know it all. The girl—I mean the old maid—I am speaking of had a place some time back and she told it herself that sometimes, when her employer would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him why the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, if my b—employer said nothing but "High-diddle-diddle" I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers he wants, not my brains—supposing I had any. One day this person I am talking to had written to a customer that we had no good of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelt no k—w—like the other. She delinated at catching me in a mistake and didn't let him have the last of it until I said: "Well, madam, I know how to get a place as typewriter, and I am sure she has a certificate from somewhere to show that she is competent. I don't tell her so, but she is too old for one thing: hardly anybody would employ a typewriter over thirty. Why should that be the dead line? Well, I suppose it is because women are set in their ways after they are out of their twenties, and think they know it all. The girl—I mean the old maid—I am speaking of had a place some time back and she told it herself that sometimes, when her employer would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him why the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, if my b—employer said nothing but "High-diddle-diddle" I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers he wants, not my brains—supposing I had any. One day this person I am talking to had written to a customer that we had no good of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelt no k—w—like the other. She delinated at catching me in a mistake and didn't let him have the last of it until I said: "Well, madam, I know how to get a place as typewriter, and I am sure she has a certificate from somewhere to show that she is competent. I don't tell her so, but she is too old for one thing: hardly anybody would employ a typewriter over thirty. Why should that be the dead line? Well, I suppose it is because women are set in their ways after they are out of their twenties, and think they know it all. The girl—I mean the old maid—I am speaking of had a place some time back and she told it herself that sometimes, when her employer would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him why the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, if my b—employer said nothing but "High-diddle-diddle" I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers he wants, not my brains—supposing I had any. One day this person I am talking to had written to a customer that we had no good of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelt no k—w—like the other. She delinated at catching me in a mistake and didn't let him have the last of it until I said: "Well, madam, I know how to get a place as typewriter, and I am sure she has a certificate from somewhere to show that she is competent. I don't tell her so, but she is too old for one thing: hardly anybody would employ a typewriter over thirty. Why should that be the dead line? Well, I suppose it is because women are set in their ways after they are out of their twenties, and think they know it all. The girl—I mean the old maid—I am speaking of had a place some time back and she told it herself that sometimes, when her employer would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him why the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, if my b—employer said nothing but "High-diddle-diddle" I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers he wants, not my brains—supposing I had any. One day this person I am talking to had written to a customer that we had no good of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelt no k—w—like the other. She delinated at catching me in a mistake and didn't let him have the last of it until I said: "Well, madam, I know how to get a place as typewriter, and I am sure she has a certificate from somewhere to show that she is competent. I don't tell her so, but she is too old for one thing: hardly anybody would employ a typewriter over thirty. Why should that be the dead line? Well, I suppose it is because women are set in their ways after they are out of their twenties, and think they know it all. The girl—I mean the old maid—I am speaking of had a place some time back and she told it herself that sometimes, when her employer would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him why the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, if my b—employer said nothing but "High-diddle-diddle" I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers he wants, not my brains—supposing I had any. One day this person I am talking to had written to a customer that we had no good of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelt no k—w—like the other. She delinated at catching me in a mistake and didn't let him have the last of it until I said: "Well, madam, I know how to get a place as typewriter, and I am sure she has a certificate from somewhere to show that she is competent. I don't tell her so, but she is too old for one thing: hardly anybody would employ a typewriter over thirty. Why should that be the dead line? Well, I suppose it is because women are set in their ways after they are out of their twenties, and think they know it all. The girl—I mean the old maid—I am speaking of had a place some time back and she told it herself that sometimes, when her employer would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him why the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, if my b—employer said nothing but "High-diddle-diddle" I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers he wants, not my brains—supposing I had any. One day this person I am talking to had written to a customer that we had no good of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelt no k—w—like the other. She delinated at catching me in a mistake and didn't let him have the last of it until I said: "Well, madam, I know how to get a place as typewriter, and I am sure she has a certificate from somewhere to show that she is competent. I don't tell her so, but she is too old for one thing: hardly anybody would employ a typewriter over thirty. Why should that be the dead line? Well, I suppose it is because women are set in their ways after they are out of their twenties, and think they know it all. The girl—I mean the old maid—I am speaking of had a place some time back and she told it herself that sometimes, when her employer would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him why the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, if my b—employer said nothing but "High-diddle-diddle" I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers he wants, not my brains—supposing I had any. One day this person I am talking to had written to a customer that we had no good of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelt no k—w—like the other. She delinated at catching me in a mistake and didn

HOW A WIFE WAS WON.

Probably the most embarrassing courtship on record was that of a bashful Texas Major, which culminated in his marrying a rich young widow, who is now one of the most popular members of St. Louis society. The circumstances were related to me by a planter on the Brazos whose immense cotton and corn fields adjoin those of the Major and the ex-widow in question.

"Well, sir," said he, "she was reared here, and was the sweetest and most popular girl in Texas. She was known everywhere, and was courted in Galveston and Austin, as well as in St. Louis circles after she returned from school and from a tour of Europe. But she always seemed to like Texas the best. Major Smollett began to shy around her when she grew up, and took her to singing school and other country frolics while she was here. He was bashful, and while we all knew that he was in love with her and she with him, blamed it if he didn't let that cussed flat-head Joe Broads cut him out and marry Annie. Joe only lived two years, and in less than six months after he died it was plain to all, except Smollett, that the widow was more in love with him than ever.

"They were both wanting each other, and he was too bashful to shy up to her. We all knew that with her chances and being alone in the world, so much property (her father died and left her all his possessions), she would marry some one soon. And that good-for-nothing village lawyer, Ed Wilder, was stutting around in great shape. I saw this, and determined to make the Major cut him out.

"So I said to my wife one day: 'Maggie, I'm going to bring that bashful fool, Smollett, and Annie together.' She told me I had better let them alone, as I would most likely make a mess of the whole thing. I allowed that I did not see how I could do worse than the Major himself was doing, and Maggie agreed with me. Just as we had come to the point, who should ride up but the Major.

"Good morning, Major," said I. "What's the news up your way?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, "except that Annie has come back to enjoy herself among the friends of her girlhood."

"Yes, I've seen—so I've heard," he replied, blushing like a turkey gobbler.

"And, I continued, carelessly like, 'I've just been up to town, and John Robinson's law office, and everybody told his girl is going. I was over to Judge Wilder's, and I see that Ed, a young, spawny buggy, a fast horse, and a good going to take Annie to the show. He has been hanging around her a great deal every time he gets a chance. By gings, I wish I was a young man, I'd cut that popinjay out. Annie's too nice a woman to marry such a sap-head as Ed. Wilder, though if she has him we can't blame her much, as she is so very lonely, and men who seem to have any sense are too shy to speak to her. Ghewhewhik! If I was only single I'd show them a thing or two."

"The Major blushed, but made no reply, except to say that he wanted to borrow some cotton-baskets for the hands to pick in until he could go to town and buy some. I showed him where they were, and then I crept to a knot-hole and listened, for I knew that he had a habit of talking to himself, like all bashful people, when bothered.

"Blame me if you say I'm lawyer," he said. "With a slick tongue and no brains he thinks he's first in everything. Got a new buggy, has he? Well, so have I, and his horse can't hold a candle to mine. By gosh! I've a mind to—yes, I will go this afternoon and ask her to go to the show with me, and then I'll speak out and show Gus Wiley that I'm not such a donkey as he and his wife think me, even if I did let Joe Broads get ahead of me the first time."

"I almost laughed out at this, and went and told Maggie it was working.

"Smollett has his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog barking like mad. Smollett was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett had his new buggy and fast colt with him, and happened to be dressed up. So he had his man put the baskets in the wagon as he started off towards Annie's country home. He drove along musing about his perplexity until he came to a deep creek over which was a high bridge. As he got on this bridge he gave a tremendous cough. Oh, horrors! his new teeth were flying over the dashboard and down into the clear water. Here was a pretty fix. The Major got on and no time to get another set of teeth, and his new ones, that cost so much, lying down in the bottom of the creek. He must get them, as that hateful young Wilder was not likely to let grass grow under his feet.

"Smollett climbed out of the buggy, looked up and down the road to see that that no one was coming, and then looked over the bridge. Yes, there were the teeth at the bottom of the creek, the little fishes swimming about them and rubbing their noses against them. Smollett wished he were only as close for a moment.

Seeing the coast clear, he pulled off his clothes, putting them in the buggy to keep them clean, and went down and dived for his teeth. He got them, fitted them in his mouth and was coming out, when he heard a rumbling noise down the road and a little dog

